

BEHOLD
IF YOU
SING IT
WILL BE
DIE
ON A
STAGE
IN THE
THEATRE

TUT-TUT, ADOLF, DON'T LET IT
SCARE YOU. IT IS JUST
SUPERSTITION — JUST A
IDLE FANCY.



JUST IN TIME

A German shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning, struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion and the shoemaker was blown out through the door almost to the middle of the street.

A passer-by rushed to his assistance, and, after helping him to rise, inquired if he was injured.

The little German gazed in at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said:

"No, I ain't hurt. But I got out shust in time, eh?"

Robinson looked up from his paper and handed it to his wife. "Wrong sort of heading that, isn't it, my dear?" he said, pointing to the line "Women's Talk." "Why wrong?" inquired Mrs. Robinson. "Well," replied he, "there is only half a column beneath it!"

A POPULAR ROLE

Mrs. Rogers had the barrel of russet apples placed in the attic, because they were not quite ripe enough to eat, and she warned her three boys, whose ages range from 5 to 11, not to touch them.

Then, one rainy day, when she sought the attic to get something from a trunk, she came full upon her sons, surrounded by apple cores. At her approach two of the boys drew closer together, but the third, a little distance off, who lay on his stomach contentedly munching an apple, apparently paid no attention to his mother's entrance.

"Jack! Henry! Willie!" she exclaimed, reproachfully. "Whatever are you doing? And those apples! Didn't I tell you not to touch them?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Jack, the eldest; "but we're not really eating them. We're acting the Garden of Eden. Willie and I are Adam and Eve, and Henry, over there, is the serpent, trying to lead us to our downfall by showing us how good the apples are."

"But," began the mother, as sternly as she was able, "you two must have been eating apples. Henry has not done it all. I see as many as ten cores around you."

"Oh, yeth," returned Willie, the youngest, "we've all been taking turns being the serpent."

GETTING IT ALL

The doctor told him that he needed carbohydrates, proteids, and, above all, something nitrogenous. The doctor mentioned a long list of foods for him to eat. He staggered out and wobbled into a restaurant.

"How about beefsteak?" he asked the waiter. "Is that nitrogenous?"

The waiter didn't know.

"Are fried potatoes rich in carbohydrates or not?"

The waiter couldn't say.

"Well, I'll fix it," declared the poor man, in despair. "Bring me a large plate of hash."